You're The Cure by BeautyInChains

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Sequel to The Medicine I Need

You're The Cure

Author's Note:

> All I can say is FINALLY. This has been in the works for months and I am so excited to not only be finished, but to feel pleased with the finished product. I hope that if you enjoyed The Medicine I Need that you will enjoy this sequel. It did get a bit away from me, but when as my work ever not?
>
> Title has been borrowed from the song Siren by Stalking Gia.
>
> As always, con-crit, kudos, and especially comments are most appreciated!!

"So," Billy says, sat on the sofa in the living room of King Steve's castle, soothing his damp palms against the rough material of his jeans to dry them.

"So," Steve replies, shrugging like he doesn't know why Billy's there, like he hadn't invited him over for...whatever this was.

"I need a drink," Billy says.

"Oh. Sure, yeah. Beer?" Steve asks. Billy nods, still not meeting Steve's eye. Billy does his best not to talk himself out of this while Steve goes off in search of a little liquid courage. "Here," Steve says when he returns with two cans of Pabst and hands Billy one. Billy's fingers brush against Steve's as he takes it and he clears his throat, grip tightening just a little.

"Thanks," Billy says as he cracks it open, takes a long pull, throat working as he swallows. He watches Steve do the same.

"I was thinking," Steve says before stopping himself, sucking his bottom lip into his mouth and worrying it over with his teeth.

"Dangerous," Billy says, gunning for humor, for banter, for normalcy, and falling painfully short. Steve wrinkles his nose, snorts regardless,

and Billy is thankful for the small mercy.

"I was *thinking*," Steve tries again, more controlled, "That we could do it in my bedroom?"

Billy's breath catches in his throat. He can feel the blush rise from his chest, fill his cheeks, and bloom across his ears. He thinks about the look on Steve's face in the bathroom stall, about the wide eyes and flushed cheeks. About the way Steve had cupped him between his legs and soothed a thumb over his softening cock; over the thick, milky white mess Billy had made inside his jeans. He finishes his beer on the next pull. "Uh, yeah. Yeah, we can do it there."

"Great. You want another beer?"

"Sure, but. You might not wanna drink too much. It, ah, makes it harder to," Billy makes a vague gesture that Steve seems to pick up on, brows drawing up, along with the corners of his mouth.

"Harder to get hard?"

"Right."

Steve takes a slow, meaningful sip. He licks at the beer clinging to his lips, eyes falling somewhere just south of Billy's belt buckle for the briefest moment, *almost* imperceptibly, "That won't be a problem."

Fuck.

"If you say so."

"I say so," Steve replies, tipping his head toward the stairs, "Let's go."

As Billy rises from the living sofa he gives his shoulders another roll. He's wound so tight it almost hurts. He follows Steve through the kitchen first, taking the second beer as proffered. He tries his best not to stare at Steve's ass the entire way up the stairs. Fails miserably. The fucking thing's got some kind of gravitational pull. The slightest misstep and Billy would end up planting his face right between those sweet, bouncy little cheeks, and....

Billy's nursing a half-chub by the time they make it to Steve's

bedroom. If Steve has noticed, he doesn't say anything. He doesn't even bother to close the door behind them. Steve sits on the edge of his bed and pats the space beside him. Billy rolls his tongue around in his mouth, considering. He settles on Steve's desk chair instead. Hard and uncomfortable by comparison. *Grounding*. Billy shrugs out of his denim jacket and tries to ignore the way Steve watches.

"I've been, ah, saving it," Steve says suddenly, tapping his fingers against his duvet. Billy feels hot all over. The thought that Steve hasn't been touching himself in preparation for tonight *does* things to Billy. "I thought that'd make it -"

"Easier?"

"Better."

Billy inhales sharply through his nose.

"Is that what you do?" Steve asks curiously.

"Sometimes," Billy says, and because he can't help himself, "How long?"

"All week," Steve replies, shrugs like it's nothing. But it's not nothing. Billy would be dying. The thought alone of the sheer size of the load Steve's going to blow has Billy blindingly, achingly hard in an instant. He winces, leans forward, elbows balanced on his knees. "It's got me, like," Steve continues, unprovoked, "*Really* horny. Just thinking about it, knowing that I get to come tonight, fuck." And Steve's leaning back, cupping himself between the legs the way he'd cupped Billy.

Billy swallows the lump in his throat. Steve is definitely hard, or at least most of the way there. His mouth feels funny and foreign around his words as he speaks, "You should lay back. Get comfortable. It's better. The first time." It sounds so much like Billy's getting ready to spread Steve out on his sheets, fingerfuck him open, and slide his cock inside. Billy tries to banish the thought, focusing instead on the sharp dig of his elbows into his knees.

"Okay," Steve says as he goes down easy, arms falling to his sides. It's then Billy notices for the first time that Steve his barefoot, his toes

digging into the fabric beneath them. His eyes trail up the length of Steve's body, stopping to admire the impressive swell of his cock beneath his jeans. "Now what?"

Billy licks at his lips and, even though he's quite certain, asks, "You, uh, nice and hard?"

Steve shivers just the slightest at Billy's words, nods, "Uh huh."

"Right. So now you just gotta like, flex your dick."

"Flex my dick," Steve repeats, head rolling to the side to meet Billy's eye.

"Yup. Kinda like, when you're takin' a piss and you gotta stop it, you know?" Billy says. And Billy doesn't *know* if Steve knows. Steve's brows furrow in concentration, fingers twitching at his sides. It takes a moment, but then Steve's lips are parting on an 'oh' as his cock gives a visible little kick inside his jeans. "Yeah, like that," Billy murmurs as Steve's cock continues to pulse, "If you can get a bit of a drag against the tip it, it feels even better."

"I don't think I can," Steve says, and Billy wonders why until he leans forward enough that he can see. See that Steve's stupidly long, thick cock is pushing up past the waistband of his jeans catching on nothing but the pre-slick skin of his belly beneath his thin t-shirt.

"Oh," Billy says breathlessly as Steve continues to flex and squirm, "Can you, uh, just shove it back down?"

Steve shakes his head, "No, um. I can't. It won't like, *fit* like this. I - It's okay. This feels good."

Billy presses his thighs together, cock shifting in his jeans, "Yeah?"

"Uh huh," Steve says, breathy, still flexing his cock, "Fuck. It's hard to focus."

"It gets easier."

"What do you think about when you do it? What were you thinking about when you did it in class? When I saw you?" he asks, head still

tipped to the side, blown pupils fixed on Billy's flushed face. Billy's mouth goes dry. *Bitches* is on the tip of his tongue. He wants to say he thinks about perky little breasts and pink nipples. About pretty, glistening folds and tight wet heat. His head is spinning, looking for all its worth to land on some sort of reasonable lie, but keeps landing on Steve and the way he had touched Billy in the bathroom stall.

Billy's lips are parting, the words forming and spilling before he can stop himself, "You."

Steve hisses, eyes falling shut, hips stuttering up off the bed. Steve's dripping now, pre seeping through the thin material of his shirt. "Tell me."

"Steve," Billy starts, stops.

"Please. I want you to."

"Fuck," Billy swears, figures that if this is what Steve wants, if this is what he's asking for then Billy may as well take it all the way. Billy eases up off his elbows, leans back into the chair, spreading his legs, making room. He makes a soft sound as his cock gives a heady throb, causing Steve to open his eyes. They're wide, drawn like magnets to the front of Billy's jeans and the thick bulge there. "Thought about you watching me. About getting caught."

"Yeah?"

"Fuck, *yeah*. But then, you were. You did. *Christ*, and knowing? Made me come so fucking hard."

"God," Steve huffs, long fingers scrabbling against the duvet, cock flexing, pulsing steadily, thighs shaking with the effort.

"Shit, Pretty Boy. Made me cream my jeans for you."

And that's all it takes. Steve's jaw drops, throat cording, back bowing as his cock gives a sharp kick and then he's spurting rope after rope of hot, thick jizz over his belly and into his shirt. It seems to go on forever and when it's over Billy's not sure he's ever seen that much come in his entire life. It's a goddamn puddle and Steve's t-shirt is a sopping wet disaster, his fat cock still pulsing through the aftershocks

as Steve mewls and shivers.

"Steve," Billy says, somewhere between a whine and a murmur. Steve's raising his arm, trembling fingers reaching out. Billy takes them without a second thought, lets Steve pull until his knees hit the bed. Steve tips his head to the side, leveling Billy with a look, so dark and raw. Steve slips a finger down Billy's heaving belly, hooks it into the waistband of his jeans, the outline of his cock throbbing and obvious.

"Do it," Steve says, the words coming out broken as though formed around shards of glass.

Billy doesn't ask Steve what he means, he *knows*. The minute he starts, he knows it won't take long. *Flex*. Steve's finger hasn't budged, Billy can feel it digging into his skin, into the coarse hair below his navel. *Flex*. Steve's licking his lips, gaze unwavering. Billy's going to come in his jeans again, but this time it's going to be for Steve. Really for him. *Flex flex flex*. The way his cock is angled, lodged in his jeans...When he comes, Steve's going to feel it. Billy's hips are shifting, thrusting, wet cockhead dragging against the rough material of his jeans. Steve licks his lips and that pretty pink tongue is so fucking close. *Flex*.

Steve's cock is just as thick and full as it had been when they started and Billy's not sure if it ever really went down, even after he blew his load. *Flex*. Billy thinks about what that beautiful monster cock might feel like inside him. Filling him, stretching him. How deep it would be able to reach. *Flex flex flex*. What it might feel like when Steve comes inside him. *When*?

"Oh fuck," Billy cries, cock surging hard as he comes, and comes, and comes. If Billy had thought Steve's eyes were wide before, it's nothing compared to how wide they are now as he withdraws his finger from Billy's waistband, the long digit now dripping with Billy's jizz. Billy gives a little hitching moan as Steve curiously brings it to his own lips, Billy's cock giving another pulse, slip-sliding against his soaking wet skin.

Steve's barely sucked Billy's come from his finger before Billy is on him, swinging a leg over his hips, rocking down into his body as

Billy's lips find his. Steve opens up beautifully beneath him with a gasp, Billy's tongue slipping inside, tasting himself. Steve's hands find their way into Billy's curls holding him as he rolls his hips up, and Steve is definitely hard again. Billy's shaking. They've gone this far. Maybe Steve will let him, if he asks real nice. Maybe Billy can have what he's always wanted. "Please," is what comes tumbling out of his mouth, the word ghosting against Steve's jaw.

"What? I don't-"

"Fuck me. I want you to. Please."

It sounds an awful lot like begging, but Billy refuses to dwell on it. Steve nods frantically as Billy rucks up his ruined shirt, as Billy runs the pad of a rough finger over the glistening red head of his cock. Billy slips down the length of Steve's body with surprising grace, nails clawing at Steve's chest, at his tight little nipples as he sucks at the mess Steve's made. His long, talented tongue curling around the mess, drawing it into his mouth, swallowing with a moan. Steve's gasping, hips hitching up into the heat of Billy's mouth, cock surging up against his lips and chin. "Billy, fuck!"

"Uh huh," Billy mumbles against Steve's skin.

Steve whines as Billy dismounts, that is until Billy starts tearing at his own clothes at which point Steve stumbles up to follows suite. It takes longer than it should because Steve can't keep his fucking hands off of him. Billy's shoulders, his pecs, his strong back and abdominals, his thick ass and thighs. Billy melts against him, fingers tangled in Steve's stupid hair, cock leaking against Steve's hip. "Billy, I haven't-"

Billy grips Steve's wrist, tugs his hand toward his mouth and sucks two long digits in deep. Steve blinks at him, slack-jawed and Bambi-eyed as they hit the back of Billy's throat, as Billy bobs up and down until spit is running down his forearm. Billy pulls them free with a wet sound. "I know," he says as he tugs Steve's arm around and down, curling Steve's fingers in toward his hole. Billy moans as Steve brushes against him. He widens his stance, releases his grip on Steve to help hold himself open instead.

Steve is excruciatingly gentle as he fingers Billy open -one, two, *three*

fingers- pausing only in the proceedings to retrieve an old, half-empty bottle of massage oil and, as much as Billy appreciates a gentleman, he's waited long enough. "I'm good," he grinds out, "So good. C'mon, please."

Billy ends up on his back, curls askew, thick fingers gripping at the powder blue sheets as Steve slides a rubber down his ridiculous cock, making it appear even larger. This isn't Billy's first rodeo by any means, but as Steve slathers his cock liberally with the oil Billy finds himself very thankful that Steve has taken such time and care in preparing him. Steve wipes his hand on the sheets, settles in between Billy's thighs. Steve's panting hard, from desire or exertion or both, Billy's not sure; but he can feel each and every gust of heated breath against his cheek.

Billy moans as Steve's cock slips against his hole, catching on the rim. Steve huffs, tries again. "That's it," Billy growls as Steve begins to sink past the tight ring of muscle. It becomes clear, as Steve eases in inch by torturous inch, that even three of Steve's fingers could not prepare Billy for the overwhelming fullness of Steve inside him. By the time Steve bottoms out and stills Billy's body is soaked with sweat. "Jesus Christ," he murmurs, glancing down their bodies to where Steve's meets his own.

Steve is shaking with the effort to hold back, bottom lip caught between his teeth. "Billy, fuck," Steve hisses, "Can I?"

"Yeah, yeah, c'mon. I can take it," Billy murmurs, hands coming up to curls around Steve's biceps. The first thrust has Billy clawing at Steve's skin, head thrown back with a sob. The thrusts that follow have Billy's eyes scrunched shut, jaw loose and slack, thighs hitched up and legs wound around Steve's lithe waist, drawing him in. The wet head of Billy's cock drags against Steve's taut belly with every push and pull and Billy knows it won't be long before he's shaking apart all over again.

"*God*," Steve pants, pressing his sweaty forehead against Billy's, "You're so fucking hot."

It's stupid and clichéd and Billy wants to be mad about it. He wants to snap or taunt or bite, but when he opens his mouth to speak the

only words that come tumbling out are "I'm gonna come". Because he is, any second now and Steve hasn't even gotten a hand around him. Steve ducks into the hollow of Billy's throat with a whine, nips at the salty skin there as his hips thrust without abandon.

Billy comes first, with his brows furrowed and back bowed, cock surging and spurting up their chest. With his body seized and corded Steve feels that much bigger inside him, that much hotter, and Billy can *feel* it, the second Steve follows. The hard kick his cock seems to give and the delicious throbbing that follows that has Billy's cock twitching through the aftershocks. The little hitching moans that spill from Steve's lips as he comes make Billy feel hot all over, frantic and fevered.

"Fuck," Steve says when it's all over. When they're done rocking and shaking. When they're clinging to each other in tangled a mess of saliva, sweat, and spunk. And Billy laughs, because what the fuck else he is supposed to do? "Are you *laughing* at me?" Steve asks, nudging Billy's nose with his own, fingers stroking through Billy's shamble of curls.

"No," Billy snorts, and then Steve is laughing too.

"So," Steve says finally, after he's eased out and cleaned up and they're laying side by side, "How'd I do?" And Billy doesn't know if Steve is asking about the part where he got himself off or the part where Steve just rocked his entire world, but it doesn't really matter because Billy's never going to pass up the opportunity to fuck with him.

"I dunno, Harrington...I think you might need a little more practice."

"You're such an asshole," he says, but he's grinning.

"It's okay, sweetheart. I'll help you. I'm a real good teacher."